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A N

O R A T O R I O,

O R

S A C R E D D R A M A.

George Frederick Handel, Esq.
All the above Oratorios were set to Music by the late

[Price One Shilling.]

ORATORIO's Printed for BENJ. DOD, at the
Bible and Key in Ave-Mary-Lane, Ludgate-Street; and
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MESSIAH.

BELSHAZZAR.

JEPHTHA.

SAUL.

ESTHER.

ATHALIAH.

DEBORAH.

JOSEPH and his BRETHREN.

ALEXANDER BALUS.

ISRAEL in ÆGYPT.

JUDAS MACCHABEUS.

TIME and TRUTH.

THEODORA.

ACIS and GALATEA.

Mr. HANDEL's ORATORIO.

☞ All the above ORATORIO's were set to Music by the late
GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, Esq;



N A B A L: K

A N

O R A T O R I O,

S A C R E D D R A M A.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Covent-Garden.

The Words adapted, by the Author of *JUDAS MACCHABEUS*, to several
Compositions of the late *GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL*, Esq;

Ou tédonne Savoir.



L O N D O N:

Printed for BENJ. DOD, at the *Bible and Key* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*,
Ludgate-Street.

M.DCC.LXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DAVID, *King of Israel, elect.*

NABAL.

ASAPH, *Companion of David.*

ABIGAIL, *Nabal's Wife.*

CHORUS { *Attendants on David*
 { *Attendants on Nabal.*

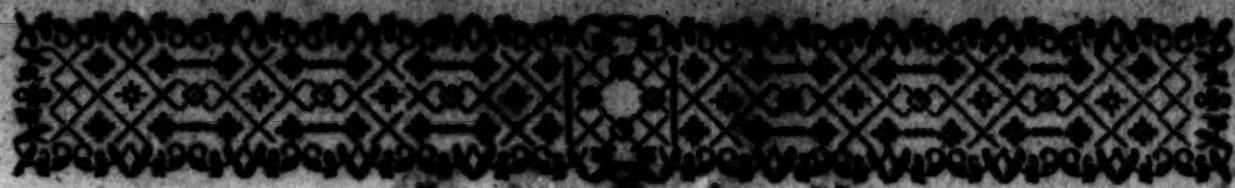


I SAM. chap. xiv.

L O N D O N :

Printed for B. and J. Dods, at the Bible and K. in the Strand.

MDCCLXIV.



N A B A L:

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I.

S C E N E I.

DAVID, with his Attendants.

R E C I T A T I V E.

DAVID.

HERE in the Wilderness of *Paran*, safe
From *Saul's* dread Malice, and our potent Foes,
Rest we awhile: And to the lonely Place
As suiting well; let us, in solemn Dirge,
Bewail the Death of righteous *Samuel*,
The first of Prophets, and the best of Men.

A N T H E M.

The Righteous shall be had in everlasting Remembrance,
and the Wise shall shine as the Brightness of the Fir-
mament.
Their Bodies are buried in Peace; but their Name liveth
evermore.

R E C I -

RECITATIVE, *Accompanied.*

DAVID.

*Have Mercy on us, Lord; our Fathers cried,
When press'd with Hunger in this dreary Waste.
The Lord in Mercy heard their Pray'r,
And fed them with the Bread of Heav'n.*

A I R.

*Food they ask'd, and all around
Quails, and Manna sweet of Taste,
Wing'd the Air, and spread the Ground;
Blessing all with kind Repast.*

RECITATIVE.

ASAPH.

No doubt, Omnipotence is still the same;
And the great God, who turn'd the Javelin's Point
When hurl'd by Saul, will in this barren Wilde
Protect thee still, our Prophet, and our King.

A I R.

*The Lord our Guide, whom we revere
With filial Love, and grateful Joy!
No envious Woe, nor anxious Fear,
Shall our firm Hope destroy.*

CHORUS.

*The Lord our Guide! come, what may come,
Distress is Joy, and Exile Home.*

SCENE

N A B A L

3

SCENE II.

RECITATIVE.

ABIGAIL.

How hard the Woman's Fate, by sacred Ties
United to a Churl, insensible of Good!
Such is the Lot, I am condemn'd to mourn,
And find no Comfort, but in Solitude.

A I R.

*Free from Discord, vile Confusion!
Free from Splendaur, vain Delusion!
Seek I thee, dear Solitude.*

*O, receive me,
And relieve me,
In thy Bosom, kind Solitude.*

SCENE III.

Enter NABAL, with Attendants.

RECITATIVE.

NABAL.

Avaunt, unpleasing Wretch! Is this a Time
To hide thyself in mournful Solitude?
Or dost thou envy the vast Store of Wealth,
With which our new-thorn Flocks have heap'd our Barns?
Begone; and leave us with more grateful Friends,
To celebrate our Feast, with manly Joys.

[Exit Abigail.

P A R T

B 2

A I R.

M A B A L

A I R.

Fill, fill, the Bowl, with generous Wine
 Let sportive Pleasure,
 Great as our Treasure,
 Flow all around,
 Around the Brew your Chaplets twine,
 No more complaining,
 Sorrow disdaining,
 With Roses crown'd.

A I R, and CHORUS

An Attendant on Nabal.

Gay, and light; as yonder Sheep
 Of their fleecy Burthen shorn,
 Let us here our Revels keep,
 Till with Songs we wake the Morn.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis Carmel's annual Holiday
 Now bids us sing, and sport, and play:
 Let choice Delights our Time employ,
 Sacred to Harmony and Joy.

CHORUS.

Happy, if still we reign in Pleasure,
 All the Sweets of Youth caressing!
 Happy in Carmel's annual Treasure,
 While we thus enjoy the Blessing.

END of the FIRST PART.

PART



PART II.

SCENE I.

DAVID, with ASAPH, and Attendants.

RECITATIVE.

DAVID to ASAPH.

ASAPH, 'tis well advis'd; *Nabal* to-day
Carouses with his Friends midst plenteous Store
Of all Provisions, his vast Treasures yield.
Speed thou, my Friend, and ask some kind Relief,
In this our dire Necessity.-----

[Exit Asaph.]

----- Meanwhile

Let us address with Pray'r the God of Heav'n,
Whose bounteous Providence o'er all his Works,
Oft cheers the sad, and bids the famish'd Soul
Luxuriant feast, till Nature craves no more.

AIR.

*Great Creator, who kindly feedest
With thine Hand the Brute-Creation,
Blest with nutrimental Store,
And by thy all-supporting Pow'r,
Favour'd with peculiar Care,
Let not Man,
Pine with Hunger, and deep Despair.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

“ O God, who in thy heav’nly Hand
 Dost hold the Hearts of mighty Kings,
 O take thy Servant, and his Band,
 Under the Shadow of thy Wings.
 Thou know’st our Wants before our Pray’r,
 Then let us not confounded be;
 Thy tender Mercies let us share.—
 O Lord, we trust alone in Thee.

SCENE II.

ASAPH, with NABAL, &c.

RECITATIVE.

ASAPH.

Thus faith my Lord, the King of Israel
 Elect; *David* the Son of *Jesse*.----
 (*Accompanied.*)

----- Peace to Thee,
 And to thine House, O *Nabal*, and to all
 Thy Relatives, Peace and Prosperity.-----
 Ev’n he, whose Servants have protected Thee
 From the Incurfions of thine Enemies,
 Nor took from thy unnumber’d Flocks a Lamb,
 Now in distressful State, for Pity fues,
 Some small Remittance from thy plenteous Store,
 Not as a Debt, but as a friendly Boon.

A I R.

Grateful Hearts enjoy the Blessing
 Pour’d from Heav’n’s all-bounteous Hand;
 When not pleas’d with sole Possessing,

But

N A B A L.

7

*But still giving,
Still relieving,
They obey Heav'n's great Command.
Who, Distress with Pity viewing,
And kind Nature's Call pursuing,
Spreading Favours through the Land,
Thus obey Heav'n's great Command,
These alone deserve the Blessing,
Pour'd from Heav'n's all-bounteous Hand.*

RECITATIVE.

NABAL.

*Who is this David? Who this Son of Jesse?
I know him not.---Ye Servants too full oft
With Craft assume an uncommission'd Charge.
But nought from these my Shearers shall I take
To give a wretched Fugitive.---Be gone;
Nor stay to interrupt our Festal Joy.*

[Exit Asaph.

A I R.

*With Harps new-strung, let ev'ry Hand,
And Voice, in Concert join;
To sing the Staple of our Land,
A never-failing Mine.*

A I R.

An Attendant on Nabal.

*Come, come, live with Pleasure;
Taste in Youth Life's only Joy.
Old Age knows no Leisure,
But dull wintry Thoughts to employ.*

CHORUS.

N A B A L

CHORUS.

*Come, come, live with Pleasure,
Taste in Youth Life's only Joy. &c.*

A I R.

An Attendant.

*Sing we the Feast, (in sprightly Measure,)
Filling our Barns with various Treasure;
To preserve from Cold the Peasant,
When bleak Winds make their wintry Spoil;
And to adorn (with Robes of Tyrian Dye,)
The splendid Pomp of Majesty:
Ever pleasing,
Still encreasing,
Thus exciting,
And requiting
All the Shepherds hardy Toil. D. C.*

CHORUS.

*" Crown with festal Pomp the Day,
Be Mirth extravagantly gay;
Let the grateful Altars smoke,
While the Maids the Youth provoke
To join the Dance; and Musick's Voice
Tells aloud our rapt'rous Joys.*

S C E N E III.

RECITATIVE, Accompanied.

ABIGAIL.

*Thrice happy Sheep, who know no Care,
While, with rich Pasture fed, ye graze along*

N A B A L.

9

The fertile Vale, or, on the Mountain's Brow,
Smile on your sportive Offspring, as they play
In frolic Youth, and thoughtless Innocence.
Whilst I your Mistress, sorrowing and forlorn,
Am banish'd ev'ry Joy that Life can give.

A I R.

*Mind eternal, whose sole Blessing
Makes this Life still worth possessing;
Thou, whose Pow'r knows no Controul,
Speak thy Comfort to my Soul.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter a SHEPHERD.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SHEPHERD.

Fly, my good Mistress, Danger is at hand.----
From yonder Hill I saw an armed Troop
Bending this way: 'Tis surely *David's* Host,
Of late a Wall to us both Day and Night:
Whom yet our Master hath receiv'd with Scorn,
Denying Bread and Water.---Now he comes
With furious Stride, to take Revenge on this,
The Son of *Belial's*, black Ingratitude.

A B I G A I L.

Attend me; I will meet the godlike Man,
And try, if possible, to avert the Storm,
With richest Presents, and most humble Pray'r.

C

S C E N E

SCENE V.

DAVID *with* ASAPH, &c.RECITATIVE, *Accompanied.*

DAVID.

Fell Monster ! base Ingratitude !
 Earth shall no longer groan beneath the Weight
 Of such a Wretch !----No ; Thou, and ev'ry Male
 That sojourns in thine House, shall surely feel
 The Fury of affronted Majesty.----

A I R.

*Fury in all thy Terrors,
 Rise from the dark Abyss ;----
 Let every tender Passion own thy Pow'r,
 And every kind Affection be no more.
 Shall I be thus requited ?
 And my Protection slighted ?
 With vengeful Ardour, go,
 And strike the Blow.*

D. C.

SCENE VI.

Enter ABIGAIL.RECITATIVE, *Accompanied.*

ABIGAIL.

On me, my Lord, on me, let the Transgression
 Of *Nabal* fall.----Behold ! thine Handmaid comes,
Charg'd

Charg'd with Provisions for my gracious Lord,
And all his Host : For, ev'n inspir'd, I know,
The Lord our God, whose Battles Thou hast fought,
Will raise thee a sure House in Israel.
Then shall my Lord rejoice, he did not shed
The Blood of Innocents for one Man's fault,
(His Folly, not his Malice,) nor did seek
Revenge on such an helpless Enemy.

A I R.

*Mercy, thou heav'nly Cherub,
With pleasing Smiles look down,
His Passion to controul ;
My heavy Grievs redressing,
Pour down thy choicest Blessing,
And sweetly sooth his Soul.*

RECITATIVE, Accompanied.

DAVID.

Blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*,
And blessed thy Advice ! Thou hast withheld
The strong uplifted Arm from shedding Blood,
And kept me from the Stain of mean Revenge.
Go to thine House in Peace.----

[Exit Abigail.

---- While we, my Friends,
With grateful Hearts give Glory to the Lord.

CHORUS.

*" All Nations upon God depend,
 They rise by his Command, at his Command they end.
 Look up to Him in all your Ways;
 Begin with Pray'r, and end with Praise.*

END of the SECOND PART.

PART

P A R T III.

S C E N E I.

NABAL, with Attendants.

RECITATIVE, Accompanied.

NABAL

AH! Whence this sudden Dread? My shivering
 Blood
 Creeps cold along my Veins! my Mind, confus'd,
 Suffers unutterable Conflict. ---
 What? or where am I? All is dark as Night;
 My Head a Whirlwind, and my Heart a Stone!

A I R.

Oh! who can tell the Terrors,
 The Terrors that surround me,
 Oppress'd with Wrath divine?
 Sorrow, Shame, and Guilt confound me,
 I faint, I die.

No, none can tell the Terrors,
 That flow from Wrath divine:
 Sorrow, Shame, and Guilt, a thousand thousand Horrors,
 Against me all combine,
 I faint, I die.

" My

*" My Life a Span appears,
A Cypher sums my Years.*

D. C.

RECITATIVE.

An Attendant.

How soon the Scene is chang'd ! He, who but now
Breath'd naught but Mirth and Gaiety, defied
The God of Heav'n, and most ungrateful stop'd
His Ears to *David's* just Request, now lies
Unpitied, unbewail'd, a breathless Corse.

CHORUS.

*" By slow Degrees the Wrath of God
To its meridian Height ascends ;
There Mercy long the dreadful Bolt suspends,
E'er it offending Man annoy ;
Long patient for Repentance waits,
Reluctant to destroy.*

*At length the Wretch obdurate grown,
Infatuated, makes
The Ruin all his own ;
And every Step he takes,
On his devoted Head
Precipitates the Thunder down.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

DAVID, *with* ASAPH, &c.

RECITATIVE.

ASAPH *to* DAVID.

A Messenger, my Lord, relates the Death
Of churlish *Nabal* by a Stroke from Heav'n,
So transient is the Laughter of a Fool,
And Mirth deceitful.—Soon his Relict comes,
With humble Suit to claim my Lord's Protection.

DAVID.

Protection! Yes; much more such Merit claims.—
Bless'd be the Woman, that disarm'd my Wrath,
And with uncommon Prudence and Address,
Bade me recall an impious Vow. The while,
Bright Beams of Beauty stream'd from Sorrow's Eye,
And on her Cheek sat maiden Modesty.

A I R.

*" When Beauty Sorrow's Livery wears,
Our Passions take the Fair One's Part :
Love dips his Arrows in her Tears,
And sends them pointed to the Heart.*

RECITATIVE.

DAVID.

True is your Observation.—
Beauty is a pleasing Tyranny, my Friend,
That

That laughs at the Reluctance of the Will,
And humbles to her Lure the Hearts of Kings.

A I R.

*Lovely Beauty, ever-inviting,
Still delighting,
(Perfect Feature,
Pride of Nature,)
Are thy Charms;
When thy Pow'r the Heart alarms.*

*Fancy, (viewing
Joys ensuing,
Rapt'rous Pleasure,
Boundless Treasure,)*

*Plays around the captive Heart,
Fixing deeper still the Dart.*

D. C.

SCENE III.

Enter ABIGAIL.

RECITATIVE.

ABIGAIL to DAVID.

Behold! thine Handmaid, prostrate on the Earth,
Implores the Favour of my Lord the King,
Proud ev'n to wash his Servant's Servant's Feet.

DAVID.

Rise, well assur'd no Honour is too great,

That

That *David* can confer on *Abigail*;
Be it to make her Partner of his Throne.

ABIGAIL.

Accept, if Heav'n so wills, my grateful Heart,
My duteous Vows, and more than loyal Love.

A I R.

*Come, ye smiling Hours,
With your joyful Train returning,
Chace the gloomy Shades of Mourning,
With the Splendour of Delight.
Come, ye blissful Pow'rs,
Banish Sorrow, banish Woe,
As ebbing Streams recruited flow,
And glad Day succeeds the Night.*

D. C.

RECITATIVE, *Accompanied.*

An Attendant.

Guardian Angels, as ye fly,
Crown them with triumphant Joy.
Let soft Quiet, Peace, and Love,
Still each happier Hour improve.

D U E T.

With ASAPH.

*Thrice happy, happy Pair,
Whose mutual Deeds declare*

D

One

N A B A L.

*One pure and constant Aim:
Where both, in Soul, unite,
With Candour, and Delight,
To feed the holy Flame.*

CHORUS.

*" Still caressing, and caress'd,
Ever blessing, ever bless'd,
Live the Hero and the Fair.
This is, Valour, thy Reward,
This, O Beauty, the Regard
Kind Heav'n pays the virtuous Pair.*

RECITATIVE.

ABIGAIL.

*In Praise to great Jehovah, and to Thee,
O King, my Soul its thankful Tribute pays.*

DUET.

With DAVID.

*Thoughts sublime, my Soul still exciting,
Shall our ardent Praise employ;
While our grateful Hearts, uniting,
Triumph in harmonious Joy.*

CHORUS.

*" O glorious Prince, thrice happy They,
Born to enjoy thy future Sway,*

To

*To all like Thee were Sceptres giv'n,
Kings were like Gods, and Earth like Heav'n:
Subjection free, unforc'd, would prove,
Obedience is the Child of Love,
The Broils of Nations soon would cease,
Sweet Liberty, beatific Peace,
Stretch their glad Reign from Shore to Shore,
And War, and Slavery, be no more.*

F I N I S.

V A B A L

To all like Thee were Deputies given,
 Kings were like Gods, and Earth like Heaven:
 Subjection free, unjust, would prove,
 Obedience is the Child of Love,
 The Brails of Nations soon would cease,
 Sweet Liberty, from shore to shore,
 Stretch their glad Arms, and more
 And War, and more.



Let the great God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

RECITATIVE
FINIS

In Praise to great Jehovah, and to Thee,
 O King, my Lord, my God, my Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

VERSE
First Verse

Thou art our Father, Lord, and God,
 Thou art our Father, Lord, and God,
 Thou art our Father, Lord, and God,
 Thou art our Father, Lord, and God.

THIRD

O glorious Prince, our Lord and God,
 O glorious Prince, our Lord and God,
 O glorious Prince, our Lord and God,
 O glorious Prince, our Lord and God.